

July 18, 1933 . . . Guard Yates is doing guard duty in the basement, the regular guard having a day off. When a substitute guard is on duty in another's assignment, he usually tries to embarrass the regular guard by a shakedown, producing a heap of contraband articles. Each inmate is allowed one bath towel. This towel is exchanged on Saturday, at bath time, for a clean one. Yates observes that some stalls have as many as three towels.

Determined to accumulate them, he begins a systematic shake-down. He looks not only for towels, but for other contraband goods. Reaching Hackethal's stall he removes eighteen towels, and other contraband articles. Hackethal, by grapevine, is informed Yates is "wearing hell" and of his stall. Instead of making his way to the basement immediately, and attempting to interfere with or induce Yates to desist, he deliberately avoids returning until late afternoon.

In the meantime Yates has telephoned Captain of the Day Yates and informed him of his discovery. The captain hastens to the basement.

Yates, it seems, has created enmity between himself and Hackethal when Yates "wrote-up" Hackethal for hanging around Colbeck's cell during the early years of Hackethal's arrival at the institution. Knowing that Yates was mean enough to do this, Hackethal realizes the futility of asking him to return the seized articles, concluding that he can go over his head and avoid any unpleasantness for himself.

Yates, on the other hand, realizing that Hackethal is bitter towards him for the "write-up", fears eating his meals in the Officers' mess, bringing his lunch or supper with him in a tin container.

Reaching the basement that afternoon, uneasy and deeply concerned, Hackethal verifies his loss. He is unable to learn what Yates found. No longer, however, from conversation that ensues, it was something of value to Yates.

Yates draws on and Hackethal complains he is suffering of an attack of appendicitis. The physician is summoned, and arrangements made for Hackethal's admittance to the hospital in the morning.

Dr. Lynn, next day, goes into conference with Hackethal.

and Hackethal is dismissed from the hospital.

What, we wonder, occurred between the two? What, of value to
Capone, was confiscated by Yates and Captain Bond?

The answer to our queries remain a mystery. More so because
Capone, for several days, is deeply melancholy and sore at Hackett's!

Not long after this incident the Director of Prisons pays another visit to the institution. He receives a request from Capone for an interview. The Director, since the last interview, made inquiries. These, the nature of which are not learned, were apparently verified truths. Now, seeing Capone's request before him, he turns it over and on the back or reverse side of the interview slip, writes:

"No, will not grant interview. Heard enough of your tale of woe."

Capone, receiving it in a sealed envelope, is furious and angry because the Director refuses to talk to him. He has much to tell him. . . so many secrets he'd exchange for his liberty! The Director must have "smelt a mouse," Capone concludes.

"All right! He won't see me when I ask him. Well, I'll make him come for me next time!"

The Director's investigation of the story of Dr. Beale and Bishop's association and connection with Capone, results in Bishop's being caught removing letters from a designated spot in the institution. After being observed placing the letters in his shirt, Bishop is followed into town and seen dropping them in a mail box. The letters are retrieved by a government official and Bishop confronted with them.

Bishop confesses he has been receiving money steadily from Capone, and conservatively estimates that the total amount does not exceed \$100,000 -- since July 1932!

To admit the accusation that he has been bringing in contraband articles to Capone, but his alibi is that the parcels were handed to him by one of Capone's lieutenants at an apartment in town, and he did not examine them. The officials never doubting but that the packages Bishop carried into the institution were his own, did not subject him or the parcels to an examination.

He is, as a result of this affiliation with Capone, summarily discharged and stripped of his honor.

One wonders, as he passes from the institution for the last time, if he regrets the denouement. He doesn't, we conclude, for after

all he can earn more working for Capone outside than he could inside.

Capone, true to his word, places Bishop in a position that is commendable. He is presented with a road house-and-night club, and appointed Lieutenant of Police in one of Florida's famous winter resorts.

let us spend today in the hospital. We have frequently felt the triangular situation that exists between Miss Tuggle, Baskett and Deane. But our time is so monopolized in the cell

house and on the yard that we have little time to observe what transpires elsewhere.

We shall, for a while, hang on to Miss Tuggle's white nurse's

and we will then be in a better position to see and hear everything.

It's 9:00 A.M. She seems to be pretty busy this morning, and

she called away from her desk by an ailing ward inmate, her features dis-

also provocative. "These convicts," she mutters, "always waiting one to run

back and forth!" She has barely gone a dozen steps when Dr. Ross enters through

another door. He stops at the desk, intending to ask a question or two upon

her return. Well, he decides, he'll sit down while he waits.

He is now and unfamiliar with the usual routine of things. He is

hesitantly he seats himself on the corner of the desk. A negro inmate

arrives and places a tray of food beside him. It is covered with a white

cloth, and contains, he concludes, Miss Tuggle's breakfast. But no --

Miss Tuggle has entered! Yes, they have all entered!

Lifting the large white napkin which covers the tray he is

amazed to discover a can of "Senate Coffee". The seal has not yet been

broken. He lifts the top of a dish, and beneath it are two fried chickens.

But they didn't have chicken today, he is sure!

How what in the world. . . !

Miss Tuggle interrupts his surmise, forcing a cough as she

observes him examining the tray's contents.

"Smells appetizing," Dr. Ross smiles.

Miss Tuggle flushes. She has her doubts about Dr. Ross, for

Baskett had told her he suspected him of being a Department of Justice

agent.

"Why -- Why -- is it yours?" Miss Tuggle stammers.

"No. I've had my breakfast," he replies.

"Well, so've I!" she informs him, knowing that she was

seen eating.

"Then this. . . " he begins.

"I have no idea!" she exclaims, shrugging her shoulders.

"Possibly some convict's," he ventures.

"Oh, no! No, it couldn't be!" she nervously apologizes.

"That's strange," Dr. Hess answers. "Now I've forgotten

what I really came here for. Well, I'll think of it later. I must be getting along."

Miss Tuggle stands motionless and undecided. Her mind is engaged in working a solution to the predicament she is in. What? What must she do? What excuse can she give in the event she is questioned? For certainly, she feels now, Dr. Hess is investigating her connection with Hackethal and Capone.

At 10:00 A.M. Miss Tuggle, still in a maze of unsatisfactory alibis, receives a summons from Dr. Ossensfort, Chief Physician.

"Miss Tuggle," Dr. Ossensfort begins as she takes the seat opposite him in his private office, "who was the tray for?"

"Why, Doctor. . . " she stammers.

"Miss Tuggle, I've been told that a tray frequently finds its way to your desk. This is most unusual, of course, since you do not seem to be the one sending for it. At least, there is no record of that extra breakfast for you each morning."

"Why I know nothing about it!" she boldly bluffs. "Absolutely nothing!" she adds vehemently.

"Do you think Hackethal would know about it? Evidently he prepared it. The negro who brought it said he had instructions to deliver it to you."

Dr. Ossensfort looks at her searchingly. She is a tall, heavy-set, stout woman of forty, cross-eyed and unattractive. Though not betraying her fear she believes that guilt is screaming from her face.

"He's a liar. A dirty black liar!" she screams, now wrought up and excited.

"Be calm, please! I merely wish to get to the bottom of this thing. Certainly you must know something since the negro claims that there has been his instruction right along!"

"Whoever said I got the tray lies! I don't care who says it!" she screams, rising to her feet and working her hands frantically. She is on the verge of hysteria, realizing now that everything depends on her pulling through safely. If she can, now she is through with Capone and the others, she resolves. If not --- then, by God, she determines she will drag them in the mess with her! Bishop looks on in silence, and so can the

But what would Capone want with her? Well, she muses, after Mackey had warned Capone that she was his? A pretty figure he's made of things! Him and his bribes! Kilduff agreed, if ever there were one!

"I'll excuse you this time, Miss Turley. Don't let this go."

Miss Turley departs, escorted Miss Smith in the corridor, and after relating the interview, tells her that Dr. Osgood intends to speak to her. Miss Smith prepared, proceeds to his office. But she, we know, is absolutely innocent. She has, it is our knowledge, successfully withstood every attempt to be bribed.

Ten minutes after Miss Turley has left Dr. Osgood's office, a half bushel ripe tomatoes, two marjune pies and six T-bone steaks are smuggled from the hospital to 'A' basement! Why 'A' basement? We'll see! Who, we ask as we thrill watching the excited Doc and Miss Turley getting rid of the evidence, will enjoy these delicious things? Only one person in the institution. . . Capone!

Reaching 'A' basement the edibles are conveyed to 'A' cell house via the stairs, a message to the clerk in 'A' cell house to deliver them to 3-7 having come over the telephone!

It is August 2, 1935. Summer is swiftly passing, it seems, and the hour blockade in the evening will soon be denied us. We have had some eventless days lately, for during the investigations we were unable to find our way into the closeted chambers.

However, we feel that Doc has been neglected. We forthwith decide to spend a little while with him. Deserting the noise and racket of 'A' cell house we hop and skip down to 'N' basement. Fortunately, Doc is in a good humor. That is, fortunately for our purpose. He is talking to Short Shavings. Short Shavings, strange to say, seems interested. He is at least displaying a friendly appearance as he listens to Doc's monologue.

"I offered Shafer \$3000.00 to destroy my fingerprints. He said he'd do it. He wanted the money for his mother. Well, one thing after another went along, and he kept putting it off. He then, when he saw I really wanted them taken out of the Record Office and torn up, told me it would cost me six grand.

"I asked him where the hell he thought I could get six grand. He said, 'Capone'll give it to you.' Can you imagine that?"

"Would he?" asks Shavings.

"Sure he would! Look! What does this look like to you?"

Doc draws a yellow-back bill from his pocket.

"Looks like a thousand dollar bill. Real?" Shavings asks.

"You bet it's real! And that's only one. I can produce

more!"

"Well, when you wanted those fingerprints destroyed, didn't you know that they have a set in Washington that could be duplicated easily?" Shavings asks.

"I can handle Washington O.K. I've done it already!" brags

Doc.

"But Doc, what good will that do you? You'll be identified by other institutions as having served time, and then your record will be just the same when it's found out it's you, no matter what name you give. I think it's foolish." Shavings is not enthusiastic about Doc's scheme.

"Listen, you want to make some money, don't you? Well, stick with me. Anything I want from that office you'll get, huh?"

"Nothing, nothing! I heard too damn many stories about pigeons by here. Anyway, I wouldn't do anything till I got paid for it first."

"Well, I give you money, don't I?"

"I work for them, Joe. I write letters for you."

"Well, me who you want money sent to if you turned me a

The Record Officer

"I want to see you, Joe."

"I want to see you."

"I want to see you."

"I want to see you."

"I want to see you."

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Doc dives into his locker, and produces a picture of a famous blonde motion picture actress.

"See that enlargement? Julius did that. Made it from a snapshot. That's my sister."

"Your sister?" Gaps Shavings.

"Here's the letter where she says she's sent it. Hey, my

sister's a beauty!"

"She is, according to that. Seems like I saw that face before, though," says the skeptical Shavings, hesitating to confront Doc with the accusation that he is a liar. "My, Doc," Shavings smiles, "that picture on the wall there . . . that woman has on the same kind of dress and beads as this one -- your sister!"

"That's the same girl," Doc informs Shavings.

"Hey, I ain't that cross-eyed! They're entirely different

women. One's a brunette with a small nose, and one's a blonde with a sharp nose."

"It's 'cause the one there's a snapshot in bright sunlight, and this one ---" pointing to the picture on which the motion picture star's head has replaced that of the original head, "--when it was no sun."

"Maybe you're right," concedes the doubting Shavings. "But

damned if I can see any resemblance except in the clothes."

Doc laughs what is supposed to be a convincing laugh. In the

"I will show you her letter when it comes tomorrow. In the

meantime you think it over. You can't lose if you're working for me. Here. . . Take this carton of Chesterfields. I don't smoke them. I smoke Camels."

"Thanks," murmurs Shavings, known to have never refused cigarettes.

"Hey, wait a minute," Doc calls. "I got some other pictures I wanna show you. Now look here -- this is a picture of the bungalow where I used to treat Al's men when they got shot. More than one bullet I pulled out a gangster. That's why Al's grateful to me. See... This room here on the corner. . . that's the operating room. I would never leave the place, day or night. Always had my meals served right there. A housekeeper, too. Boy, she was a pip! Used to pay her \$100.00 a week so she'd stay

She was close-mouthed, you know. No talker! That's why Al insisted she stay."

"How come you got here?" Shavings asks, knowing Doc was doing four years for stealing a T-Model Ford.

"We were making a getaway. Had nearly \$300,000.00 in the car. But we buried that in Kansas City. Still there, too!" Doc lies. Shavings, believing he has had enough of a bedtime story, yawns and bids Doc good night as he eases out.

"See you in the mornin'," he calls as he leaves.

"Well, my dear Dr. Ossenfort, Dr. Beale has to sign and more papers for foot treatment for Capone. He's not a little boy to have his feet treated so frequently, and so to say, 'I'll sign it.'"

"That's all right, Dr. Ossenfort, all right."

"Well, my dear Dr. Ossenfort, that's all right."

"That's all right, Dr. Ossenfort, that's all right."

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August 10, 1937. Miss Tubule, unable to endure the strain longer, and confronted with the alternative of resigning or being discharged, now practically a nervous wreck, hands in a request for two weeks leave of absence. The request is granted, and she departs for Alabama, to spend the time with her sister there.

Prior to her departure she is closeted with Doc in his little office.

Whatever happens, Doc, I'm not in it. I put up with enough of this worry. All I got out of it was freedom. You got the pay. No. . . no need to give me an ally. The day's coming when I'm going to want something. I know more than you think I know! I know you won't make it necessary for me to plead and cry for what I want when I want it. . . You won't let you know me as you say you do.

Doc gives Doc a cool look. He shakes his head, realizing that she knows indeed that she has been used as a rubber ball by Carver, MacBeth and himself. And now -- faced with disgrace and unemployment, unlike she gets away while the smoke is thickest, she gives him time to consider her first appeal for assistance, which she infers she will make in the course of time.

The men are returning from evening strolls. The tramway is thronged with prisoners. . . Everyone is apparently in a jovial mood. It seems the entire population of the prison is out this evening -- excepting those in isolation, the hole or segregation. Two thousand men mingling, laughing, talking. . . warily probing to their cells for the night. Some are tired from recreational activities. Some are on the alert -- doubtful, uneasy. . . One never knows in a place like this. Many appear suffering with that fatigue brought on by confinement. . . a listlessness for which there is no cure -- except freedom!

Arnold, an inmate in the Dental Clinic, is laughing and talking to a friend. He seems to have not a care in the world. In twenty-one days he is to be released. He is a first offender, having stolen an automobile to take some girls joy-riding. He pays -- and has now practically completed payment -- the debt the Government imposed. More than that he does not owe.

know that he should not be compelled to pay.

Little does he dream as he walks along so carefree that within a moment his world will have changed. Little does he surmise that King Turner has decided he is to pay the extreme penalty!

He is now concealed from us where the crowd is thickest.

He cannot see him, since we are neither looking for him nor thinking of him. Suddenly there is a piercing scream. . . a commotion. . . cursing. . . The crowd falls back! Five men, delayed for some reason we do not immediately learn, are forcing themselves into cover of the surrounding crowd.

In the center of the widening circle lies a bleeding man.

It is Arnold.

Four guards, as a rule, are on evening stockade. One to five hundred men. Not counting, of course, those with machine guns on the towers. An incident such as this, naturally, is beyond the power of the guards to prevent. They do not mingle with the men, but stand aside as they come up the tramway.

A deep gash from which blood is freely flowing now mars the face of the youth on the concrete tramway. . . A gash from beside the ear to the chin -- almost identical with the scar upon the face of Capone! As the guards push through the prisoners several men offer to rush Arnold to the hospital. Though bleeding profusely he is still conscious as they lift him bodily and carry him to the hospital.

"Who did it?" asks the attending physician.

"I don't know," Arnold hoarsely murmurs.

At inmate, after an attack, seldom fingers his assailant while receiving medical treatment. Inmate inmates can -- and have been known to "finish the job".

The answer was expected. However, the attack can often be traced to a grudge. But no one had a grudge against Arnold, he protests.

"I saw it," speaks up one of the men who helped him to the hospital. "Turner was one of them. There were five of them. Turner had a razor blade. I could hear Turner say: 'Hold his legs and arms and I'll cut his throat.' But the others got scared, for after they grabbed you the crowd broke away and Turner just slashed out."

"Turner? I don't know him," Arnold says.

"One of the guys was one of Capone's men."

"Capone?" Whisper-Carroll, surprised.

"You must keep quiet," the doctor orders. "I'll have to sew

that up." The surgeon then proceeds with his treatment, his ears absorbing

the information dropping from the lips of Arnold's friend.

Arnold is called before the Deputy Warden next day.

"That is behind this, Arnold?"

"I don't know, Deputy."

"Come, now. You know something."

"All I know is that the greasy old man tried to cut my throat."

"From the looks of the bandage there they did a pretty big

job, didn't they?"

"Yes, a scar. Like Capone's and in the same place, my buddy

said."

"I see. Did you have a run-in with Capone lately?"

"Not exactly. Maybe it started over the clinic. See, I was

supposed to do some work on his teeth, but another guy got the cigarettes,

so I told him: 'The Hell with that. You do it yourself.' So Capone was

sitting in the chair, waiting, and this guy went out and told Capone I

said the Hell with him. Which I didn't. Then, on top of that, I heard

today someone told Capone I was talking about the pull he's got in the

hospital. Which I wasn't. Maybe that's the cause of it all. I don't

know."

"Can you identify any of the men attacking you?" asks the

Deputy Warden.

"Turner was one of them. I think I can identify the others

if I see them."

The Deputy Warden reaches for the telephone and instructs

Captain Hood to have Turner sent over.

Turner, like a whipped cur, walks in ten minutes later.

He sees Arnold and turns his gaze to the Deputy Warden.

"Turner, why did you attack this man?" the Deputy Warden asks.

"Who said I did?" Turner asks.

"Is this the man?" the deputy asks Arnold.

"One of them. Yes, that's the one who did the cutting."

"Turner, who are the four others? This is a serious offense."

The penalty will be lighter if you name them. If you don't, you know we can learn."

Turner names his companions. (This type of criminal is not unusual. Violence, and the desire to avoid a severe penalty -- when squawking might lessen it -- seem to go hand in hand with them).

"Why did you do it?" the deputy asks.

"Got paid," haltingly.

"By whom?" asks the deputy, a sense of satisfaction abiding with him in the realization that he is succeeding without any difficulty.

"I don't know the guy. He told me Capone wanted that guy cold-cocked. But we didn't have nothing to crack his head with. We tried to get a ball bat, but couldn't. So I had a razor blade. They were going to hold him while I did the job."

Having called for the four others they are now lead in. All are arraigned at one side of the deputy's desk; Arnold stands alone on the opposite side.

"To each of you I have but one thing to say. You have attempted murder. You know the penalty. I shall confine you each in segregation until your term expires."

"Take the rats away!" he yells to the guard nearby.

"That's all, Arnold. You will remember not to discuss this when you leave the institution."

"Yes, sir," Arnold promises.

"Just a minute, Arnold. You're leaving shortly. Just what seems to be the trouble over at the hospital. Why don't you men get along?"

"Well, Deputy, it's like this . . ."

Arnold recites to the Deputy Warden all he has learned since his assignment to the Dental Clinic. His story chiefly concerns Capone and Capone's ability to accomplish anything desired there. He is now extremely bitter towards Capone, but insists he is speaking the truth when he states all the dissension is caused by the inmates wrangling over Capone's favors

This recital coming at the same time as the order to investigate, results in the removal of seven hospital attendants. Miss Tuggle's name frequently bobbing up during the investigation, necessitates the postponement of further questioning because of her absence.

As a result practically every connection is severed. Dr. Lyon is transferred to New York. Dr. Fraser takes his place. Dr. Lytle is being secretly investigated, and his every movement reported to Washington.

About this time Miss Tuggle returns and resumes her duties. The second day of her return a tray is delivered. Miss Tuggle, who has been substituting during Miss Tuggle's absence, is ignorant of the post-natal or ownership of the tray she finds on the desk. She calls Dr. Fraser to inquire if it might be his. Dr. Fraser calls in Miss Tuggle, and Miss Tuggle protests ignorance. The negro waiter is questioned and told to wait for instructions to deliver it to Miss Tuggle. The local protest her innocence, and in hysteria directs to the staff of the hospital. The word brings on another, and she and Dr. Fraser are having a "go" of it.

"I have nothing to do with Ceylon or anything belonging to it," she says. "You needn't insinuate I'm delivering this stuff to him. Can I?"

"It's not only rumored, but proven, Miss Tuggle," Dr. Fraser explains.

"Proven or not proven, Dr. Fraser. Who are you to accuse me? If you've a complaint to make, take it to Dr. Caspary. Let him tell me I have this stuff brought here for Capone!"

Miss Ward stands silently by.

"Suit yourself. I'm merely trying to be friendly. I don't think it's necessary to engrave on your mind the fact that these things have come to a head in your absence. You should have known that. We've a lot in common. I must, after all, protect myself."

Clashing his argument with these parting words, Dr. Fraser makes his exit. Miss Tuggle looks at Miss Ward. It is an unfriendly, yet pitying look. Sweeping past her she passes from the room and directly to the door. The door is closed behind her, and a conversation lasting

forty minutes, ensues.

Needless to say, however, Miss Tuggle is not permitted by Capone or Rackelhal to sever her connection with them. They need her, and at the price of exposure by them she renders them the demanded service.

August 14, 1933. TERENCE DRUGGAN, Chicago Beer Baron, arrives!

The reception committee is composed of the Captain of the Morning Watch, Inmate Count Clerk, Receiving Clerk and Dressing-in Clerk. We have read in the papers that this former associate of Capone -- who recently stepped out for himself and bigger profits -- was being transferred to Atlanta because of bribes he had forced upon the Deputy Warden at Leavenworth.

We observe, from newspaper accounts, that he had made quite some progress at Leavenworth, and believe he will be successful at Atlanta. Yet, Atlanta is noted for its "bribe-proof" guards and officials! Somehow (and it is not at all improbable), Druggan had gotten word that Atlanta was a better joint than Leavenworth!

Let us look at his record.

(CONDUCT RECORD)

Forfeits 150 days Good Time! That "burns up" any prisoner. And Druggan, a born whiner, naturally is consumed. When we pass to stockade next day (he does not get to stockade the day of his arrival) we, among others, wait at the foot of the steps as we did for Capone's descent, to gaze awesomely at the beer baron . . . The millionaire who cheated the government of due taxes. Tried, so it is said, to get by with what Capone couldn't!

And all his legal talent, money, doctors and alibis, couldn't coerce the sentencing judge from his decision that Druggan was deserving of a sentence to prison.

And here he comes! Well. . . we are woefully disappointed. We thought we would see a big, broad-shouldered, swaggering fellow. Instead, we look at a typical clerk. His skin is unusually pinkish -- like a girl's. Sandy curly hair is combed straight back from his forehead. Stoop-shouldered. Kinking steps. Shifty gaze. And this. . . THIS, we realize with disgust, is a Chicago gangster!

Druggan is met by someone who knows him. Someone who knows Capone, too, for he is taking Druggan to the tennis courts where Capone holds sway.

"He could have met me," complains Druggan as we fall in line behind him and his companion.

"I never gets in a crowd, Terry," his companion apologizes for Capone.

"No?" astonished.

"Of course!"

"That's the idea of him always playing tea, is? A guy told me at lunch this morning that's all Al does."

"After!" is the terse, truthful answer.

"Here he is. Shall we go down?" asks the guide.

"Yes," says a rich dragun.

They descend the slope to the bottom of the hill. Someone calls to the dragun, his senior lieutenant. Al puts the game, greets him warmly, and in his arms round his shoulder and patting his back, and says:

"Well, Terry! So you've made it a headlong after all. Say, the berries were. Where you got in a jam out there. How come?"

"Gotten back (guard). Landed too late and I put thumbs down," dragun contemptuously answers.

"He'll get away from here. These yokels give me the willies the way they stare. I got used to it, but I know how you feel."

"Well, Al, don't worry about me! I can handle 'em," dragun brags.

They proceed to the baseball diamond. A game is in progress. Lopez, a Spaniard, is at bat. dragun, Capone and Capone's array of bodyguards stand nearby.

"A hundred he makes a hit," bets Capone.

"It's a go, Al," Terry agrees.

Lopez strikes out wildly and misses the ball.

"You're lousy!" Capone remarks. "Who ever told you you could

"And I don't want none of yours," retorts Lopez, advancing aggressively.

Lopez, too, has many friends among the convicts.

Capone, without further ado, leads a right to Lopez's chin. In the melee which follows, Capone's bodyguards present an offensive which cannot be overcome by Lopez. Capone, separated from Lopez by his henchmen, spits vituperations at Lopez. Men, baseball bats ready, advance upon Capone. Guards interfere and quell the disturbance.

"I'll get you for that, you wop," threatens Lopez.

"Yeah? You'll never get another wop if you try, you spick!"

Capone answers. "Come, Terry; let's get goin'."

Stepping beside Capone, Druggan, followed and surrounded by Capone's bodyguards, walks the track.

But this was not the end of the skirmish. Lopez happened to be a friend of Fontaine's. Fontaine is one of the quartet who had kidnapped Capone. And promise or no promise of ransom, a friend in need is a friend indeed -- in the penitentiary!

Capone, studying Spanish. . . as does Lopez (both with the same purpose in mind -- shirking work). . . hears his name hissed in the schoolroom. He turns, and looks into Lopez's face several rows behind. Fontaine sits near Lopez.

"Yes, you!" calls Lopez.

"And that goes for me, too," adds Fontaine.

"So that's how you feel about it?" asks Capone, rising.

Doubling his fists he advances menacingly towards the pair. Fontaine has not had the opportunity to rise to his feet. Capone strikes out and clips Fontaine on the jaw. They clinch and are punching bellies when the Director of Education rushes in and demands they cease.

"I aint through with you!" Capone warns Fontaine as the

who isn't one of Fontaine's gang. He doesn't know who might attack him while absorbed in his novel or magazine, or while talking to someone. Besides, he reflects, he's received no word that the ransom money has been paid, and Fontaine's attitude might be caused by impatience on the part of his associates.

He becomes so nervous that he decides to return to his cell, conveying word to his bodyguards that he is not enjoying stockade today. . . that he is retiring to his cell and they should not be uneasy about his non-appearance on the yard.

En route to his cell he passes Fontaine's cell. Fontaine is lounging on his bunk. Capone hesitates before Fontaine's cell door. Then, pushing back the grilled door he walks in.

"He'll have it out now," he reminds Fontaine.

Fontaine, hardly more than five feet tall, seems puny beside the giant Capone. Fontaine weighs less than 125 pounds. Capone tips the scale around 230. But Fontaine is game. He jumps to his feet. The ado draws several of Capone's gang and the guard of the cell house. Capone is ordered to his cell. The others are reprimanded and warned.

Fontaine, after the skirmish, nurses a bruised face and body. . . and a grudge!

Fontaine is in conference with Two-gun Yellow and The Darb.

"I'm not goin' ta let that dago get by with that!" he cries angrily.

"But for Christ's sake, man, you'll ruin our part! Can't you see that?" argues The Darb.

"I think Fontaine's right," intercedes Two-gun Yellow. "You'll feel the same way if you were in his boots. It's our place to give the wop a lesson. What say?"

"You know me, Two-gun. Anything you say's jake with me," agrees The Darb.

"Now let's look at this sensibly," Fontaine suggests. "If we bump him off now -- and that's what he deserves for all the screws he's had tightened on this joint since he's been here -- they'll know we're the birds what did it. There aint a chance unless we get some moonshiner sore at him, and get the moonshiner stick him in a crowd. First, though, we want to be sure we're getting the two-and-a-half' grand."

"Goddamned if I'm afaid of him, or the hawks, either!" brags Two-gun. "I'd as soon twist the knife in him as I'd dunk that rubber coffee cake in that mud in the mornin'."

"Yes, but we got that two-and-a-half' grand to consider. Why not wait a while?" The Darb reminds him, an eye to money more than a aggrieved vanity.

"Yes, that's right," Fontaine agrees. "If we could . . ."

"I got it!" Two-gun belches excitedly, his eyes wide and his palms raised to signify he entertains a satisfactory solution. "We'll give him a date. If the money's not here. . . Get me!" he infers.

"You gotta head on you, Two-gun," Fontaine laughs.

"You betcha life I am," brags Two-gun. "In odder words, we hasten him up, see?"

"And then?" asks The Darb.

"And then!" repeats Two-gun, patting a concealed automatic beneath his arm-pit.

This agreement seems to pacify Fontaine. He does not speak to Capone when they pass each other or meet in the classroom. Fontaine, however, hears rumors of Capone's vengeful threats. Not to be taken unprepared, he secrets a razor-edged knife beneath his shirt. It is held secure by the belt of his trousers. He'll take no chances, he assures himself. An opportunity . . . an occasion, who knows . . . might present itself or demand he be protected against Capone or his henchmen.

To have obtained possession of this knife it was necessary he keep an eye on the Tailor Shop guard. Each movement of every inmate in the Tailor Shop is carefully watched. The swiftest flash of the hand, sometimes, signifies to the watchful guard that the inmate making it is up to some mischief. Fontaine, nonetheless, manages to slip the knife into his bosom. He proceeds to the toilet, where he securely wedges it beneath his belt and shirt. Any conspicuous article . . . the bulge in any pocket . . . an unopened parcel . . . is not permitted to pass the rear corridor guard. This, then, secreted as it is, is unnoticeable.

But Fontaine did not bargain on Capone's henchmen. Some, for Capone's protection --- insofar as they could hear things concerning him --- were assigned to the Tailor Shop, as to other duties in the penitentiary. And one, whose particular duty it is to watch Fontaine --- whom Fontaine never suspicioned --- observed the cautious act Fontaine had committed.

Forthwith, during Fontaine's absence from his machine, the spy makes his way to the guard. He informs him that Fontaine "packed a knife". The guard, knowing Fontaine to be a dangerous and desperate man, and having heard of his activities as the guiding genius in the importation of barrels of firearms at Leavenworth, permits him to leave the Tailor Shop unmolested. Immediately he, with others, has passed through the door, the guard telephones the cell house guard, suggesting he search Fontaine as he enters.

It is natural for any inmate carrying a contraband article to be nervous and apprehensive. Especially is this so when the article is a dangerous weapon! Consequently Fontaine, strive as he does not to be, is unduly alert. He reaches the cell house. No sooner does he step into it than the guard calls him from the line of inmates returning to their cells.

Fontaine realizes his game is up! There is no way in the world

to now dispose of the weapon. If he refuses to let the guard search him, the penalty will be the same.

"Remove your shirt!" orders Guard Finn.

Fontaine obeys. In so doing he inhales deeply, permitting the knife to drop from its position to his feet. It clinks on the concrete floor. The guard hears and sees it. Picking it up he looks at it closely, carefully running his finger along its razor-like edge. He directs a reproving look at Fontaine.

"All right," nods Guard Finn. "Go to your cell!"

Fontaine, cursing his luck, passes on to his cell. Just what he expected! he muses. Somebody snitched! Who? Who, he asks!

And the penalty, next day, as he stands before the Deputy

Warden:

"Why were you carrying this knife?"

"You know, Dep. Why ask me?" retorts Fontaine.

"Capone again, I suppose," remarks the deputy, his method of extracting confessions being amazingly successful.

"Damn' right! First chance I had he'd got it. . . front or back! I took enough off that dago. And get me, Dep," Fontaine raises a warning finger. "I'll get him yet!"

"Oh, no you won't!" admonishes the Deputy Warden.

"Says you!" spits Fontaine, his hands resting on the Deputy Warden's desk, his face thrust forward, his eyes blazing. . . a perfect picture of insolence and defiance.

"Says I!" yells the Deputy Warden. "For you'll spend the rest of your time in Segregation. Now get out! Take him out!" he yells to the guard standing nearby.

Fontaine is led out and placed in Isolation, there to await his transfer to Segregation. . . where he is compelled to spend the remainder of his term.

And Capone's life is preserved for further dangers!

The news of the premeditated attempt upon Capone's life spreads through the institution. The rumors that reach Capone are so mangled and garbled that he is compelled to increase his bodyguard. One-third of the inmates, it seems, are on his payroll. They are receiving cash, of course, having it sent to their relatives or directed to the institution under names corresponding with those on the correspondence record.

Capone can now take no chances with his precious life. Any little ear thief might stumble into a conspiracy against his life. He has so far found it safe to go to stockade; but never -- never during his incarceration has he dared to go to the chapel or to the movies. The impression has never left his mind that most riots start in either the Dining Halls or Chapels of penal institutions. The darkness of the movies is no invitation to accept. . . . Desperadoes, he reasons, like cats, see better in the dark. And how could he enjoy the show when each moment of it he would be expecting a spearlike weapon dug between his shoulder blades?

And the flesh there is soft. . . and tender. . . and the blood would pour. . . and I'd tumble forward and strike my face on the seat, maybe! NO! NO! NO! . . . NO MOVIES!

When such an incident as Fontaine's skirmish with Capone occurs, and one of the men is apprehended with a weapon, it affects the morale of the men. They seem all to be under a spell. . . as if some strange drug were administered to them. Laughter becomes noticeably infrequent. Smiles do not come as often, nor linger as long. Hisecracks are forgotten. A strange, gloomy oppressiveness descends and prevails eerily.

Cohen, one of the inmates confined in the Nut Ward, takes it upon himself to relieve conditions. A "nut", bear in mind, is not a maniac nor insane person. In no manner does he suffer the terrors of an asylum or institute for the demented. He is, the convicts will assure you, "damn' smart to get by with it!"

Cohen writes a letter to the Director of Prisons, Washington, D. C. He sets forth the shocking conditions existing in the institution -- part of which he, as an inmate in the Nut Ward, has witnessed. (The physiotherapy room is situated in the basement of the hospital, and incorporated in that section known as the Nut Ward. Capone's actions and conversations there, therefore, were not unheeded by the "nuts").

Having thoroughly and at great length set forth many of the "faults" he finds, Cohen deposits his letter in the "snitch-box" in the Dining Hall. From there it is collected by a Government employe not connected with the institution, and conveyed to Washington.

The institution suffers a shocking surprise when the letter -- like all others deposited in the "snitch-box" -- boomerangs to the warden's desk. A photostat is made, as Washington directs. An investigation is demanded.

Yes, Washington advises, we concede the man is a "nut", but it is apparent the man knows of what he is writing. These reports have filtered through from men NOT confined in the "Nut Ward", and there MUST BE SOME TRUTH IN THEM!

Cohen, unknowingly, has taken the move which results in his transfer to the U. S. Hospital for Defective Delinquents, at Springfield, Missouri. For Cohen, Capone had thought, "hadn't sense enough to know he -- didn't!" And for that reason did not fear discussing in his presence

his plans and conquests!

While the investigation is in progress, Doc is thoroughly "shookdown". Every article in the room he refers to as his "office" is minutely examined. Even the large bolts fastening the barber's chair to the floor are removed and their sockets searched. The padding of the chair is destroyed. The pictures are scraped from the walls. (Behind pictures, even, inmates conceal small packets of dope). The shelves are dismantled. The cabinets wrecked. The rolls of adhesive tape completely unwound and thrown away. Gauze, bandages and absorbent cotton are so carefully examined that not even an article the size of an ordinary pin head could be overlooked!

And when the "shakedown" has ended we have before us the following:

Six one-pound cans of ground Senate coffee.

Three roasted chickens.

Eight cans of pears.

Five cans of peaches.

Six jars of frankfurters.

Two cans of minced ham.

Five pounds of layer cake.

Two loaves of sandwich bread.

Four cans spaghetti.

Four cans of anchovies.

A jar of honey.

And a collection of smaller items.

Doc's stall, also, is turned "upside down", the locker being taken apart, and the mattress, chairs and pictures completely searched.

This, we gasp when we see it, is sufficient to start one in the grocery business. Two large canvas baskets (used ordinarily for removing laundry) are brought in and the groceries packed in them as Exhibits A, B, C and so on, to be produced before the Deputy Warden when Doc comes "to trial".

"How in God's name, Dunlap, did this stuff get into your office?" asks the deputy.

"You know as much about it as I do, Mr. Schoen," alibis Doc.

"What does that mean?"

"That I don't know a damned thing about it. It was planted there!" Doc tries to be serious.

"Planted?" gasps the Deputy Warden. "Do you think I'm fool enough to believe that, Dunlap? Do you think I'd believe anything so childish?"

"I'm telling you the truth. You can take it or leave it,"

Doc snaps.

"Dunlap, in all my experience in this institution, I have never yet known a man to try to make such a fool of me. . . as you do now! Now you look here, Dunlap. Any child would know that in an office the size of yours, these articles would actually be in the way! You couldn't turn around without stumbling over them. Yet, they are covered with dust! The Lord alone knows how long some of them have been there. You know they were there. So for?"

"I got an idea who planted them there. That's as much as I know. You can put me in the hole from now till the day I leave, and I couldn't tell you any more." Dunlap continues to bluff.

But the deputy is not to be bluffed.

"Dunlap, just how long have you been acting as commissary for Capone?"

Doc blinks. Sure, the Deputy Warden must know! But except for finding the goods in his office, there's no proof that he (Doc) KNEW THEY WERE THERE! And no proof THAT THEY WERE FOR CAPONE!

So what can the Deputy do?

"Who told you that lies. Capone don't pay me nothin'!"

"Hmph! I didn't say he did, but you practically admit he does. I'm going to close that office, Dunlap. I've heard enough about it. This is enough to cause me to put you in isolation. But because of your physical condition I won't. That's all. Get out!"

Doc returns to 'A' basement. What next? he asks himself.

Ignorant of the fact that Cohen had written Washington, but bearing a malicious hatred towards Dr. Lynn -- borne of envy, of course -- Doc conveys to Capone the disastrous result of the shakedown.

Gone! Gone is the little cubbyhole where big business was transacted! Where thousands of dollars passed, at Capone's instructions, from his possession into circulation among the convicts!

Ended is the foot treatments so essential (?) to Capone's health. Ended is the daily contact with hospital attaches!

What next? Capone asks himself.

"Lynn did it. I'll bet anything!" Doc tells Capone as they sit on the slope overlooking the tennis courts. "Fingering me before he left!"

Capone, this day, could not lift a tennis racket. His stomach, he moans, is already suffering.

"What makes you say that?" Capone asks, unbelieving.

"He's always been jealous of how much you give me. That quack aint satisfied with a hundred a month. He wants more. He figures if I'm out of the way he can handle things better!"

"That's fool's talk, Doc. I wonder if I'll get my pie today?"

"Pie? Why worry about your pie?" Doc snaps, his eyes blinking. "There's other things to worry about. Look at me! Suppose Schnozzle puts me in the Tailor Shop. With them real convicts! Sure as Hell one of them guys is gonna get me!"

"Christ, and I was figurin' on chicken today for a change. Damn it! Why did you talk me outa it when I wanted to have them put it down in the electric therapy room? You thought you knew best! Sure! Now I'll have to eat that garbage on the main line. Beans! Stew! Spinach! I can't do it, that's all!" He rises, anger and grief overcoming him. "Let's find somebody!"

Not mentioning whom he was looking for, except "somebody", Capone struts off with Doc at his side. A mountain and a molehill! They wend their way in and out of groups, down the track and back to the tennis courts, Capone's bodyguard shadow ever behind and to the side. The man he searches for, evidently, is not on stockade today.

"Now leave me alone!" Capone tells Doc. "Lemme think this out. When the jig told me you got shookdown, I couldn't believe it. Then, when I did, I didn't realize they'd confiscated everything. I thought the jig who took the stuff to the Dep's would swipe some of it back. Now I'm up against it. I gotta eat something. Get goin', Doc. Get goin' before I lose my temper!"

Doc toddles off, defeated and ill. His Big Boy! His Big Boy yelling at him! After all he done, too. That's gratitude for ya, aint it? Me risking my good time. . . getting them connections. . . Even fixing him up with the quacks! And that's what I get! Showin' me up in front of them bodyguard leeches!

Well, Big Boy, you'll pay now! You'll pay plenty! You been gettin' off light. Been doling out a few paltry hundred a month to me. Beale's got his grands. Bishop got his grands. Convict or no convict, I want grands too! And Big Boy, you're gonna pay 'em!

Let's see now. . . How tha Hell. . . Righto! The wife! Wife's sick. . . No, she needs an operation. That'll be better! And it'll cost \$500.00. No, better make it six -- sounds better.

Doc smiles the smile of a successful miser. His twitching fingers form fists as he struts along planning his big coup.

We know, from Doc's unenviable record, that he is one of the cleverest confidence men in captivity! And we believe as he thinks. . . that Capone shall pay PLENTY before Doc is through.

It is September 14th. . . . An outstanding event occurs today. Rumors have flown thick and fast as to what work Druggan would be assigned. He, like Capone, is confident he won't be given menial work. The bets are three to one that he'll land a cinch. At noon, when the Transfer Sheet is distributed to the various offices and cell houses, the prisoners gather around the desk to learn who has been transferred, placed in the hole, and otherwise punished, and what assignments new prisoners have been given. Since we are interested in the Transfer Sheet only in so far as Druggan is concerned, since we have heard that Capone assured him he "could handle the deputy's clerk, who does the work on the Transfer Sheet after a committee assigns a prisoner", we manage to work our way to the front desk, anxious to scan the sheet and see Druggan's number, name and to what cell he has been assigned. The assignment of cells occurs simultaneously with the assignment to work.

"There it is!" we point out. 43, 300. Druggan. Tailor Shop!"

"Tailor Shop!" someone echoes.

The words are re-echoed as the news sweeps over the shoulders and heads of those behind us.

"I'll bet he'll be burned up!" someone remarks.

"He aint no better than the other guys over there. Just 'cause he made a couple million in the beer racket don't mean he's too good to make pants. Some of those highknobs he travels with ought to see him sitting behind one of them machines. Boy, wouldn't that slay him!"

"God Almighty, look! He's transferred to 3-7! Capone's cell! Can you beat that!?" someone shouts.

"No foolin'!" another asks.

"Look for yourself!" the doubting one is advised.

"Say, you're the guy been tellin' me you can't pull anything over here. What's that? Druggan celled with Capone?" we hear in a reproving voice.

Silence is the only answer.

But there is no silence when the Transfer Sheet reaches the warden's office. His secretary (a civilian) observes the assignment..... Tailor Shop. Yes, that's all right. But 3-7? No, sir! It must not be permitted.

"Deputy Warden," the warden instructs his secretary. The secretary rings the deputy on the telephone. He is now in the Dining Hall, advises the deputy's clerk. The secretary telephones there. The noon meal is being eaten as the deputy receives the message requesting he report to the warden immediately.

"Mr. Schoen, you've seen the Transfer Sheet, I suppose?" asks the warden as the deputy walks in.

"No, sir. I haven't been back to my office."

"Druggan assigned to 3-7. Did that have your approval?" asks the warden.

"It certainly did not!" exclaims the deputy. "Rouf has charge of that, as you know. I shall adjust it, immediately!"

The deputy telephones Rouf, inmate clerk in his office.

"What does this mean, Rouf - - placing Druggan in Capone's cell?"

Rouf has his alibi prepared. "There was a vacancy, Deputy."

"There's hundreds of vacancies elsewhere. Get him out of there! At once!"

Rouf issues a removal slip, which is delivered to 'A' cell house guard. Druggan, his baggage unpacked and congratulating himself that his \$500.00 worked wonders, is rebellious when requested to pack his belongings and march up two tiers above, to 5-1.

"That's a lousy trick! Lousy!" he bawls.

"Take it easy, Terry," Al pacifies. "I'll handle it later."

Terry, skeptical, quiets down. Perhaps Al can handle it later. He doesn't know just yet how much "pull" Al has.

The Transfer Sheet is revised. Druggan finds shelter in 5-1. He gripes continually because he has to climb five flights of stairs to his cell.

"They're burning me because of what I got by with in Leavenworth," he tells Capone on the yard. "I knew I'd get it!"

"Say, Terry, don't take it so hard. They did it to me when I come in, and now I've got 'em all steppin' like they're on hot coals. Leave it to me. I'll fix it up so you won't have to do that climbin'."

And, true to his word, Capone eventually has Druggan placed in 2-21, on the second tier. . . while the Deputy Warden was absent from the institution and the city.

The chicken, delivered to 3-7, to celebrate the get-together occasion, is consumed by Capone, while Druggan bites his finger nails in anguish!

Now, he concludes, it is going to be doubly difficult for Hackethal to deliver his food. In Capone's cell it was a single risk. One man could handle it. Separated from Capone it means a different rangeman will have to carry it after it is brought up by one of the inmates employed in the Officers' Mess. Conveying this information to Hackethal, Hackethal says:

"I'll feed you regardless of consequences. You won't be jeopardizing Al's connections at all. Don't worry about that. You just take care of the monthly payment, and I'll take care of the rest."

But Druggan's tempestuous rebellion has an aftermath. He broods on the ill done him by the deputy, refusing to permit him to cell with Capone. And like a child whose toys have been taken from him, Druggan becomes sulky and obstinate. He will force them to realize that he is a Big Shot! That he is a beer baron, owns race horses, a breeding farm, and property! They're not going to make it harder for him than he can help it, he boasts. So his plan carefully laid, he becomes seemingly hysterical, going into tantrums.

He is taken before the Deputy Warden, charged with insolence when ordered to be quiet.

"You can't get by with that here, Druggan. So you just as well make up your mind to it," warns the Deputy Warden.

"I'm a sick man. I'm not getting proper medical treatment. I'm shifted around from one cell to another. I'm stuck in the Tailor Shop, where only disobedient, low-down prisoners are assigned, and I'm sick of it! Damned sick of it, if you want to know how I feel about it!" Druggan raves.

"So what?" sarcastically asks the Deputy Warden.

"So what!" Druggan repeats arrogantly. "I want attention!"

"You'll do well to return to your cell, report for work, as usual, in the morning, and take the hospital treatment prescribed. You'll not get anywhere with the attitude you've displayed. You'll not get one thing you demand! Dr. Ossensfort has treated enough men to know when a man is ill, and when he pretends to be ill."

"I want to die! I can't eat that garbage on the main line. I want nice baths; and I need massages. I got to have them. Dr. Ossensfort tells me I don't. Well, I do!"

"Druggan, you'll do as I say or I'll place you in Solitary.... until you promise to obey the rules. You're in a penitentiary now, not a high school or health resort. You are expected to obey. Refusal makes it harder for you. . . not for me."

"Well, I won't do it! I'll not go back to work! I'll go to the hospital! I'll drop on my feet first!" His Irish temper is getting the best of him.

"You'll go to Solitary and think it over, then," admonishes the deputy.

"All right, put me in Solitary. Goddam it, I at least want have to work in the Tailor Shop!"

"Take him away!" the Deputy Warden shouts.

Druggan is confined in Solitary for refusing to work. He is placed on a restricted diet (bread and water), and remains in Solitary four days before he sends word to the deputy that he is now ready to return to work - - - and obey orders!

A much-changed, obedient and defeated Druggan emerges from Solitary.

"Well, I dared him," Druggan boasts to Capone. "That's more than you did!"

"More than hell!" Capone retorts. "I defied him. You only dared him. Schnozzle knows he can't get by with that stuff on me."

And, to Druggan's chagrin, he is made the laughingstock of the penitentiary, because the guard obeying the deputy's instructions repeats the conversation he heard, and the antics of the prisoner "before the bar".

Once more the "screws" are put on. Things become harder to obtain. Hardly a piece of cheese finds its sorrowful way to the basement. Saltines. . . Cookies. The Commissary does a land-offic business. The Officers' Mess is closely watched, and little, if anything, leaves it as contraband.

But Capone must eat! Capone must get something for the money he has paid. The Hell with the guy who carries it. Why worry about him? Let him go to the hole! There's always another one! Yes . . . but they're refusing. There's been too much of it getting out. They want it for their friends, now! As long as they can carry it for Capone, they figure, they can carry it for themselves.

Everytime Capone meets Mackethal it is the same argument. Mackethal is leery. He knows the officials are wise to his racket. Capone spares no one. His belly must be filled. . . at any cost! Any sacrifice! Any misery to another!

"They search everything!" exclaims Mackethal in protest.
 "Every towel my men carry out is opened and examined for food."

"Say!" Capone has an idea. "Whitey Gregar. . . the laundry-man!"

"What about him?" asks Mackethal.

"Can't he bring it up to me?"

"They search him personally," Mackethal lies.

"They don't search his underwear!" Capone shouts.

"No; not unless they would be suspicious he had something on him."

"I'll talk to him. You give him the stuff. I know he'll carry it. He's on the pay roll, and he'll do it!"

Capone converses with Gregar. Gregar, we know, has the liberty of passing throughout the institution.

"Now look here, Whitey. That food's gotta get to me. Can you bring it?"

"It's going to be tough, Al. They're got clamps on me now."

"I'll double the pay if you make it," Capone offers.

"It's a go!" They clasp hands.

Whitey, on his rounds, stops at the Officers' Mess to gather soiled towels and tablecloths. He slips into the pantry. Hackethal comes in behind him. They whisper. Hackethal smiles approvingly. Whitey drops his trousers and exposes to Hackethal four pockets made in his drawers. . . Pockets sufficiently large enough to carry Capone's food daily. With Hackethal's assistance the pockets are neatly filled with meats, cheese and bread. Whitey pulls his trousers up. Hackethal examines his appearance to satisfy himself he does not look conspicuous. Everything seems all right. Whitey, a bundle of towels in his arms, leaves the Officers' Mess. He stands before the gate leading into the prison proper. Guard Read is on duty at the gate. Read, according to the inmates, has eagle eyes and a rat's nose. He sees and smells uncannily!

"Step aside there," he orders as Whitey waits to pass through.

Whitey expected . . no, feared this. He didn't suppose he could pass through with such a bundle of towels without their being searched. Read calls another guard to watch the gate. He invites Whitey into the lavatory.

"Drop your pants!" he commands.

Whitey, realizing he's caught, and knowing an excuse will not help, obeys. Read sees the stuffed pockets in the drawers, and orders Cregar to remove them. After doing so Cregar is sent on his way. Whitey's alibi is that he "stole the stuff". He must not implicate Hackethal -- or Capone!

"To the hole!" the Deputy orders. But the order is countermanded!

Cregar has not been dismissed five minutes when Kosuloryk, No. 43116, is brought in. A report slip is laid on the Deputy Warden's desk. It reads:

"No. 43116 - Kosuloryk.

The above named prisoner was coming along No. 3 range, and going to 5, with package containing 3 beefsteaks. He seemingly was going to deliver them to someone on 5.

Guard G. J. Finn.

- This statement was for Druggan.

Deputy's action: This prisoner is orderly on Range 5.

Someone handed him the package and he took it down and gave it to officer.

Julian A. Schoen.

Action: Reprimanded and warned."

"Someone handed him the package!" -- What an alibi! And Druggan hardly settled! What a reflection on Atlanta. . . when one remembers Druggan was transferred there because of bribery and connections at Leavenworth!

What a laugh --- when one muses that the most dangerous thing to do in a prison is accept a package from another prisoner. . . regardless of the contents of said package! For packages are not exchanged between prisoners!

Yet, Kosulczyk told the deputy that's exactly what he did! And the deputy believed him (!)?

Beefsteaks! Where, one would ask, could beefsteaks come from? There are no butchers running around the yard after cattle. Only one place in the institution would have delivered that beefsteak. . . You guessed it -- the Officers' Mess!

Hackethal is called before the Deputy Warden -- again.

"I think, Frank, that this thing's gone a little too far. It is known that food finds its way out of the mess. You may or may not know of it. I'm not accusing you. But when you begin operating a walking cafeteria on every range in 'A' cell house, I think it's time for a word or two. Cregar -- dressed like an automaton! Kosulczyk, carrying a cow around! Do you mean that you are inefficient? That you can't watch these things?"

"I can't help what they steal, Mr. Schoen. I am kept so busy that it's impossible - - -"

"Now, Frank, be candid! Capone and Druggan get hungry. I know that. Everyone does. They can't 'stomach that garbage' on the main line. They'll pay high for decent food, won't they? And they get it! It's got to stop! It must stop or there'll be a change made."

"Yes, sir," whines Hackethal, knowing an argument with "His Honor" is a futile thing.

Hackethal is dismissed.

The following day Druggan and Capone are each enjoying a quart block of harlequin ice cream, ridiculing the deputy for his array of efficient (?) guards and stoolies.

Hackethal, heeding orders from one who learns more about secret investigations, becomes more cautious.

Chattonier, a new guard is placed on the Rear Corridor. The Rear Corridor Guard stands in a position that permits him to see all prisoners passing from their cells to their work and back. It is not an enviable assignment because it offers no opportunity to converse with the prisoners -- and regardless of how severe a guard is, he spends his monotonous hours when the chatter of prisoners, their rumors and reports about others, is listened to. Nonetheless, the position can prove a lucrative one. An inmate with bulging pockets -- attempting to pass the Rear Corridor Guard -- is, generally, accosted. His pockets are duly examined and contraband confiscated. The inmate, forthwith written-up.

Today Capone pays fifty dollars for a racket brought in by Mr. Fenters. Whether it was negligence on Mr. Fenters part, or whether pre-arranged, he nevertheless left the racket on the tennis courts when he finished his game of tennis. Chattonier had observed him passing to the courts with it, and returning without it. Such things as these --- incidents that might not attract another's casual glance --- are the things that the Rear Corridor Guard must see. Naturally, he makes a mental note of it.

Later the same day, negroes, carrying soiled linens from the Officers' Mess to the Laundry, are stopped by Chattonier. The linens are thoroughly searched. Hackethal made it his duty to follow the negroes, and to stand by and see just what method Chattonier used. Finding no contraband, Chattonier permits the negroes to proceed.

Hackethal steps over to Chattonier and begins a conversation. While thus engaged in a friendly chat, another bundle of laundry is conveyed from the Officer's Mess. The negro shouldering it continues on his way unmolested.

It worked!

Reaching the Laundry the bundle is set aside from other soiled linens and the negro nods to a confederate. The confederate, who unpacks the bundles of linens, removes two roasted chickens. He slips these under a counter and walks over to Capone.

Capone is "buried" in a love story magazine. He listens to the information whispered, his gaze never leaving the pages of the magazine. In a few minutes he rises, stretches, and walks over to the counter. Words pass between him and a prisoner who cells near him. Capone returns to his easy chair. The prisoner, keeping an eye on the guard in the distance, sets about carving the chicken. It is then carefully packed under his clothing. When he reaches Range 3 he proceeds with it to Capone's cell. When Capone returns to his cell at noon he finds and disposes of the chickens at one sitting.

Macethal, later, assures Capone that he can handle Chatterbox. . . But, it will cost!

"Say, Shavings, what would you do? I been waiting for weeks now for that fifty dollars Al's sending, and aint got it yet. Do you think they'll give it to me when it comes?"

Lane is speaking. He has, since Riddell's assault on Lee, been again placed in charge of the tennis courts.

"You better get writing to somebody, pretending they owe it to you. You know darned well you can't get money here unless you prove where it comes from," Shavings advises.

"How'm I gonna do that? Who can I write to?" Lane asks.

"Don't you know anyone outside who would do it for you?"

"There's a guy on the other side leaving tomorrow. He goes to Knoxville, Ga. I guess I can trust him."

"All you have to do is tell him write you a letter and say in it that as soon as he gets the fifty dollars he owes you he'll send it in to you. Tell him write under another name than his."

"Then that'll be the letter I take up when the Chief Clerk calls me?" Lane is interested.

"That's all necessary. They wont investigate."

"You write it for me. Write what you want the guy to write me," Lane begs. Shavings complies. Next day, the inmate promising to write Lane the letter, bids him good bye.

Three days later the promised letter arrives.

"Now write back, and tell him you have his letter," advises Shavings. "And you'll sure appreciate his sending the money as soon as he can. That letter will be read going out, and will be further proof that he 'owes' it to you."

"You write it!" Lane pleads.

"You guys! Always depending on me to write," complains Shavings laughingly. He seems willing to oblige Lane but unwilling to be implicated in anything pertaining to Capone.

"Hell, it takes you no time to type them. It takes me an hour to even think what to say," Lane protests.

The letter, written by Shavings, is posted. A correspondence record is the result. The books show that Lane has sent three letters to Knoxville, Ga. They also show that he has received three letters from a "Mr. John Turner" residing there.

Then, impatient and doubtful of the outcome, he awaits Capone's information that the money has been sent to John Turner for relaying to Lane.

On September 27th, the day after Capone's last of his three monthly visits, at which time he informed his brother to be sure take care of the various amounts designated, Jack Higgins -- Clerk in 'A' cell house -- is "knocked-off" with three hot apple pies and one pound of cheese, for Capone.

Arraigned before the deputy, Higgins insists that he stole the food for himself. Hackethal, when questioned, pleads ignorance of their theft.

"It stands to reason, Hackethal, these pies have just come from the oven. Do you wish me to believe they were baked on the hot water pipe lines?" The deputy is indeed angry that contrary to his warnings these violations continue.

"The man told you he stole them. I can't see what I have to do with that," Hackethal pleads.

"Stole them! Stole them with whose consent? Now this has gone far enough. It must stop! If it doesn't, then I'll go down there myself and supervise things!"

"Yes, sir," Hackethal answers humbly.

"I'll talk to you later," the deputy tells Higgins. "Take him away!"

Hackethal leaves and the guard escorts Higgins to the hole.

Capone is apprised of the situation. Fenters learns of the deputy's anger. Higgins, they all know, has been delivering food to Capone for some time. They have reason to worry and know suspense. They have reason to fear, believing as they do that when the deputy calls Higgins later, Higgins is likely to squawk. He hasn't much longer to serve, and the possible threat of loss of Good Time might make him "open up". Capone is quite uneasy. Higgins knows "too much" about him.

Notwithstanding this development, and fearing to chance sending the food by another, to the cell house, a negro packs a half leg of slicedutton in his socks, and delivers it to Capone on the Tennis Courts that very day.

Lane, discovering the "screws are being put on", begins to worry about his money. . . the fifty dollars due him from Capone. He talks. Talks incessantly - -- threatening to stop reserving courts for Capone; threatening to quit carrying his paraphernalia, and, in summing up, even yips. Capone, naturally, hears the rumors. He assures Lane the monthly payment will be on its way, and for Christ's sake, close up his mouth, or, curse!

Lane is a peevish to an extent, but the delivery of mail to other men, and his receiving none, saps his patience. He begins to over a him, making every inmate connected with the Jail Office and Chief Clerk's Office, to inform him if his money is arrived. To his utter and bitter disappointment he learns that it has not.

At this time the supply of tennis balls is exhausted. These Capone is compelled to use prove useless. He claims they are no good when they do not bounce against his racket after someone has hit the ball to him and he has missed it. He howls and tears because he has to buy all the tennis balls and hasn't any for use when needed.

Lane, when Capone is not near, gloats in Capone's deprivation.

"Serves him right! Gypping me after all I done for him. If he pays out, he'll get tennis balls. I got a dozen of them stacked for just such an occasion!"

And he had! Oh for Capone? No, not one, until he pays!

Things are now really "tight!" Each day they tighten more. Cheese is now selling for \$20.00 a pound! Capone pays it. Steaks sell for \$5.00 each. Capone pays it! Mutton is at a premium. But Capone is able to secure it. Chicken? Chicken is unobtainable -- it seems -- "but at \$10.00 a piece I may be able to get you one."

And Capone gets them!

"We're going to lose out," Mackethal tells Capone. "I have to see what's doing in another way."

He inquires regarding new inmates, and learns that Perla, a politician from Tampa, Florida (an Italian friend of Capone's) has but recently arrived. His financial rating is investigated. Hmm...not so bad! Well, we'll try, Mackethal concludes.

So Perla, a month after his arrival, finds himself (after paying an initial payment of \$1500.00 and promising to pay \$200.00 a month thereafter) baked in the Officers' Mess! And he had never baked in his life. Couldn't even fry an egg! But what difference does that make, he asks those who rile him, so long as he gets what he wants to eat. And can wear white clothes. Cheap at any price!

Captain Mend, since the Higgins' incident, visits the Officers' Mess daily. This measure of interference not only makes it difficult to deliver any food to Capone, but doubly difficult to even prepare it! Only by daring boldness does a man accomplish this mission. And, needless to say, the man is paid very well for the risk involved.

Capone, it is the oft-repeated bon mot, must not starve!

"There seems to be no way around it, Al," Mackethal informs Capone in response to Capone's insistence his daily menu be observed. This guy Perla. . . How's he stand with you?"

"He's O. K. But he won't carry grub for anyone!" Capone replies.

"I don't know, Al. We might be able to do something with him. After all, it's you first. The Hell with the other guys. If he gets caught, it's his funeral -- not ours, you know."

"Just a big, dumb Dago, that's all. Gets himself in politics; trying to ape me, you see. But Tampa's a dump and he couldn't make any headway. He did pretty well in politics so far's the town's concerned."

Then pulled a fast one on the Government.....bought apartment houses, insured them heavily, then set fire to them. And got this -- 'cause this is what burns me up -- endangered the lives of women and children! That's something I never done! And gets away with only five years here! The worst of it is -- and the reason I don't go for the guy much -- he dragged in four other wops. Couldn't get rich quick enough. You gotta watch a wop like that, Frank!"

"What difference does it make? He's paid for the job, and we're all brothers under the skin. He's doing five years. He can make it on his ear. Of course, Al, I wouldn't want it done unless you say so."

"Well, if you feel he can get by with it -- and as things stand now nobody else'll take a chance -- O. K. by me. I gotta eat. I'm not going to be deprived of it to save somebody else'll neck. The Hell with him, if you want to load him down."

Hackethal, ever ready to oblige Capone, gradually prevails upon Perla to "pack food" when he leaves the Officers' Mess. Regardless of who the man is on the outside, the guards do not trust him within the walls. The best of men . . . men whose honor and integrity would not permit them to misapply a postage stamp in the business world, without compunction or regret will pilfer anything they can lay their hands on in the penitentiary. It's a strange thing to analyze. A banker . . . a lawyer . . . a judge -- peddling, for a package of cigarettes or a bar of candy, a bit of information to a convict who is anxious to know how his record stands. . . To know if he is wanted elsewhere. It is something, indeed, for the prison psychiatrist to look into!

Hackethal, though, does not go for cigarettes. He accepts nothing less than fifty dollars for a favor. It's true, the favors are worth it to those who can afford to pay. And, as Capone's chef, Hackethal, accumulated thousands. He amassed other thousands through connections with the guards -- for Capone. It stands to reason, therefore, that Capone's every wish is granted. . . That Capone's every desire is fulfilled. . . That Capone's most drastic decree executed!

While Hackethal completes negotiations with Perla for carrying the food to the basement, from where it is to be conveyed via the grilled stairway leading from 'A' basement to 'A' cell house -- or to the yard, Druggan -- the aspiring one -- forms a connection with the

head waiter in the Dining Hall.

Druggan has but recently severed connections with Mackethal because Mackethal had confided to Lilly just how he was "going to take Druggan for about ten grand, and Lilly -- to gain the good graces of Druggan, repeated the conversation. Furthermore, Druggan being a born swelterer couldn't bear the high tariff charged by Mackethal.

As the men file into the Dining Hall they ordinarily occupy the same row at each meal. This is not a rule, but it is customary for every man to have a chosen friend with whom he likes to eat and converse while waiting. This, consequently, forces every man into the position he has in his former meal. Occasionally a man changes his usual row, but only by walking into the row behind or the one before. This, of course, caused no inconvenience to a man who had a dining hall "connection".

Food concealed for him beneath the table (or row) he usually occupied, could be easily passed over to the man sitting there. Frequently a man's port wine, fruit, or eggs, etc., would be confiscated by the inmate occupying the place.

Druggan had a passion for custard. He used to have egg custard at every meal, and thought it could not be obtained without a little bribing. He knew, of course, that if he was unwilling to pay, he did get it.

Meanwhile, Druggan has been forcing himself on Capone. Capone had carelessly dropped remarks about Druggan's business being so insignificant it was beyond his (Capone's) understanding, the Government could get Druggan for income tax! He had little respect for Druggan, and sarcastically referred to him as "my half-pint bootlegger friend, Terry". Capone, incidentally, insisted he had never employed Druggan in Chicago.

These rumors, of course, reach Druggan. Some prisoners, like some women, are ever ready to carry a tidbit of gossip if they feel they can profit by it.

As a result of Druggan's bragging about his custard connection, rumors reach the Dining Hall Guard, Mr. Baugus. Baugus keeps an eye on Druggan, and Druggan, consequently, is caught with his bowl of egg custard.

It is October 3, 1933. Druggan stands before the Deputy Warden. He recalls with a sneer what was said during the last "trial".

"Druggan, it seems you've made up your mind to violate every rule you can. Why do you feel you're entitled to egg custard at every meal?" The deputy impresses Druggan as being in the humor to let him off light.

"Aint I payin' for it?" insolently retorts Druggan.

The Deputy Warden detests a prisoner who is insolent. His attitude immediately changes.

"You're not supposed to pay for it -- because you're not supposed to have it! You nor any other inmates are required to pay for anything except that which you purchase at the Commissary."

"Capone gets what he wants. Why can't I get mine?" Druggan is resentful.

The Deputy Warden rises to his feet.

"What Capone gets, and what anyone else gets, has nothing to do with what YOU get. And YOU GET THIS! I don't want you coming before me telling me anything about Capone. I can handle Capone without any suggestions or reports from you. Take him out!"

Druggan goes to the hole!

On October 4th Miss Tuggle is permitted to visit the hospital on the pretext that she had left some personal articles there. No guard accompanies her. One always accompanies any visitor, but Miss Tuggle having been an employee in the hospital, is given carte blanche to walk through the institution unmolested, and unescorted.

After a few pleasantries with the hospital attaches, and the disappointment she cannot conceal when she discovers Doc's place has been converted into a barbershop, she inquires concerning his whereabouts.

"Din't you know what happened?" Dr. Beale's secretary asks.

"No. What?" She is alarmed.

"They shook the Hell out of the hospital! You know Eddie O'Brien's now in the Duck Mill? And Joe went to the hole? Ernie to the Tailor Shop? Well, everyone of them. . . they've been working here in the hospital for years. . . have been transferred to other assignments as a result of Doc's shakedown. (In a whisper)...Everyone who had anything to do with Capone!"

Miss Tuggle nervously twists her handkerchief.

"And Doc?" she asks breathlessly.

"They put him in the book bindery. He wasn't even put in the hole after all they found in his place here. Can you imagine that?"

It is incredible, Miss Tuggle admits. Most incredible, we agree, that Doc, with a small grocery store stock, obviously and unquestionably for Capone, was not confined in the hole, BUT, to the surprise of those who know of this affiliations, assigned under Mr. Miller, the civilian librarian!

Did the officials of the institution have a plan in mind when they made this assignment. Or, was Capone instrumental in insuring Doc was comfortably and advantageously placed? It is for the reader to later determine.

Miss Tuggle, aware that she did not ask permission to visit an inmate, and cognizant of the fact she was violating one of the stringent rules of the institution, concerning employees and former employees--visiting
 -- wends her way across the yard, behind

the Dining Hall kitchen, to the Library situated on the second floor of the Tailor Shop building. We cannot fathom what is in her mind except the normal curiosity of a woman. We conclude, after dismissing this probability from our mind, that the apprehensive glance over her shoulder is conviction of a guilt that assails her as she laboriously ascends the concrete steps and disappears into the book bindery.

A mother greeting a son after many years absence would hardly have been more able to render so poignant a greeting. The indelible impression created in our mind as we hang on to Miss Tuggle's hat brim threatens to stupefy us.

"You've come back?" Doc's eyes are afire, and a rare smile shines from his lips.

"For a few minutes only," Miss Tuggle whispers, looking apprehensively around. "What happened?"

"Everything!" Doc hisses. "Things so tight you can't pour water between them. It's awful! Here's what's become of me - - - mending books together after the damned convicts tear them up! Me, a surgeon, mind ya!"

Doc contemptuously bangs his index finger on the book in his hand. Miss Tuggle smiles sympathetically.

"Better than the Tailor Shop," she laughs.

"Oh, I aint worried. I'm still handling Al's business. Did you make out all right? Did you get it?"

"Everything's O.K. Thanks. That's why I came." Doc can hardly hear the hoarse voice as it whispers in gratitude.

"Al will be glad to hear that," he assures her.

"And you?" Miss Tuggle asks.

"Who's that coming?" asks Doc, ignoring her question and directing his eyes towards the door towards which footsteps are approaching.

"I must be going!" Miss Tuggle stammers. She is visibly shaken, fearing it is a guard in search of her.

"Oh!" sighs Doc as an inmate enters. "Only Moody."

Moody, too, is assigned to the bindery. He greets Miss Tuggle, but with less warmth than Doc displayed. Realizing he has in-

stantly he apologizes and immediately leaves.

A conference, lasting fifteen minutes, is held between Doc and Miss Tuggle.

"Can't get a damned one to do a thing," Doc complains.

"Can you blame them? Everyone who ever had a finger in the pie has got it burned. Look at me!" She extends her hands palms outward.

"You should complain!" Doc laughs.

"Well, I don't know," she answers reflectively. "But I must be going." She turns, and is about to leave the bindery when as if rehearsing an exit from the stage, her lips part as if to speak. Doc's eyes follow hers. A neat parcel reposes upon the book press. Their eyes meet. A slight nod of Doc's head, indicating the parcel, is given affirmation by Miss Tuggle's nod. No words pass as she makes her exit, and is lost to Doc's view.

What, we wonder, is in that parcel?!

We cannot dismiss the curiosity that abides with us. We simply must know what is in the parcel left by Miss Tuggle. Perhaps automatics! But no. . . we were hardly aware that she had a parcel when she entered the institution. There had been a rumor, spread by Lane, that John Capone was sending his brother "some things". We had no idea then what these "things" might be. Of course, one wouldn't suspect Miss Tuggle of carrying in contraband!

However, any of a score of guards could have passed it to her after she entered. And, we conclude, as we watch Doc unwrap the parcel, that had it been anything dangerous he would be more careful. As it is, he acts with the greatest of ease.

A sweat shirt comes into view. A white cap! A can of tennis balls! A roll of cat gut! So! Sporting equipment. It could have as easily been weapons, we argue. But why the jeopardy of bringing in weapons when there are now sufficient contraband weapons hidden in the institution, if ever needed? We know, because we have not only seen but inspected them! And Doc positively assures us that they are in such strategic places that only confusion of the inmate intending to station himself at one (if and when needed) would make them useless.

It's amusing to watch Doc "load down". The much-too-large sweat shirt is pulled over his head and covered by his worn gray sweater. The gut, in a hoop shape, is tied in the back to his belt; the cap is folded and stuffed in his hip pocket, and the cylindrical tin of tennis balls (containing three balls) stuffed between his belted pants and back.

Yet, as we watch him proceeding towards the basement, we would not dream that he has one contraband thing on his person!

Through Lane they reach Capone!

The significance of this transaction is lost sight of as, restless and in search of something more interesting, we hang by one leg to the lighted boudoir lamp over Capone's bunk. He is reading--and his interest has never been more fully evinced --of the plan to transfer all dangerous federal prisoners to Alcatraz Island . . . The Devils Island of the United States!

He is not the only one interested in the article. At least five hundred inmates, having read the same article in the daily paper, vision themselves westward bound! The government has made no definite statement. It merely infers that hardened criminals. . . inmates who successfully form connections with the outside world and violate the rules of the institution they now are confined in. . . are to be incarcerated and strictly prevented from enjoying such privileges in this impregnable, connection-proof fortress in San Francisco Bay.

"Well, boys," Gayone smiles as he drops the paper to his bunk, "that's that!"

"What do you think, Al?" asks Dago Larcus.

"I don't know, Al," says Al.

"I don't know, Dago Larcus," says Al.

"But Larcus," Al interrupts. "I'm here to stay!"

"You got to be a little more specific, Al," says Dago. "That's all well and good, but what about the article? It looks like you can't even get a chance to talk!"

"If you want my opinion," Dago says, "you and me's going to life Alcatraz!" He looks directly at Al, who is now chewing a cigar.

"If I go to Alcatraz, Dinty, remember this: More than one son-of-a-bitch is going to be sorry he couldn't stop me!"

"Meanin' what?" laughs Dinty, a cynical smile on his lips. "You talk like you got the goods on the Big Boys, Al. But take it from me, the Big Boys let you down just like you let the little fellows down when you were out there making promises. That goes for me, too. It's all in the game. A case of snake eat snake. Long timers. . . " Dinty reflects. . . "Well, I got seventeen to pull, if I lose Good Time. And I don't think I will. So that makes it nine more. Nine years, Al's, a mighty long time," he concludes tunelessly.

"Cut it!" Al commands. "I wouldn't go through out there what I went through the first night here, for everything I got! Feature that pack of wolves out there waiting for me? Getting grapevine news I was arrivin'! Laying awake nights figuring what kind of reception they're

giving me! I don't know why in Hell all you guys blame

me for things getting like they are. I got nothing to do with the rules and regulations. Hell, when I come here I could get anything I wanted. Then the small-change birds started hornin' in and now I have to pay as high as 20¢ a pound for cheese. And stale, at that! Feature that! But that I'm creatin' about the twenty bucks...I don't give a damn what aint in costs if I want it. It aint that! But it makes it hard on me to get my elos 'cause you guys have chiseled in.

"Well, if I do go," he ails, rising and pacing his cell, "one thing's certain. I'm going to run that joint or know why! I'll have fifty 'con' on my pay roll. I gotta, Dinty. I gotta! Lec? Fifty per cent of the bill be on my nos' anyhow, and the other fifty'll have to be paid to work things. Boy, it's Hell. Just plain Hell...These joints!"

"One thing you bet your life you aint gonna do there, Al, and that is have the shades knock your tennis balls back over the wall!"

"Is that supposed to be a wisecrack?" Al asks Carter. "If it is it didn't go over. No more'n the ball's goin' over."

"Just win it," Al's all," Carter apologizes.

"It is something useful," Capone complains. "And get this while you're all thinking: From now on the pay roll's going to be cut. I aint forbin' out any more than I have to. Not unless I know the goods are being delivered what I'm payin' for and as I want 'em!"

"You!" he points to Rock. "And you!" to Dago. "And you!" to Carter. . . "Get this in your heads --- If Capone goes to Alcatraz, he goes bound hand and foot. He aint goin' willingly. As much as I'd like to get away from all the yokels here, and be some place safe, I aint going to let the public know I'm licked. I'm going to give them the impression I went reluctantly.

"The public expects things of me. All right! They'll get it! They'll get all the sensational news they want, if I have to go to Alcatraz. I'm gettin' out of stir someday. Soon, maybe. When I do it's goin' to be somebody's rump. If they think they're doing me any good lettin' me sit here and brood, and fear and worry, they've got another thought coming. For they aint! I done my stretch -- as much as I should have done. That Goddamned judge had it in for me. Else, he'd never have thrown the book at me." (Throwing the book, in prison parlance, is imposing

"Say, the guy who'll get the log on that Devils Island stuff. That guy in the Record Office. He always knows when a transfer's goin' to be made a month before. They gotta get all the records and that stuff. What do you say, Al, I find out something? Rock is speaking.

"Who's the guy you mean?" Al asks, interested.

"Fellow they call Short Shavings. Bates secretary."

"Is that the guy that Doc knows?"

"I guess so. But he wont pull with Doc. Doc's poison to him for some reason. That's what Lane tells me."

"And you think you can handle him? How? When you don't even know his name!"

"Thorpe. Eddie, you know . . in the physio therapy room. They're friends. "

"Uh huh! That's how it goes, is it? Well, I'll see Thorpe."

"Yeah, but Thorpe maybe can't handle him. Eddie's not the connection kind. Besides, the guy's afraid of money. I know. He's been tried out. Druggan had him do something, but I don't know what it was. Getting some dope on restoring Good Time, so I heard." Rock's enthusiasm seems to be encouragement to Capone.

"If Druggan cuts in on my connections, there's going to be more Hell poppin' around here than he can handle. I got everything in here under control. I work these cons my way. If Druggan's got the idea he can over-bid me, let him start something! That just goes to prove what I said --- he's a chiseler!"

Capone is furious. He shakes his hand menacingly, his face thrust forward, a cigar between his fingers. His flunkies stare stupefied at his harangue.

"That's what burns me up. The no-good gets shoved out of Leavenworth for squawking his head off, and comes here and chisels in on my men. Get that!" Capone rants.

"Say, Al," the inmate clerk calls as he pauses outside the cell. "Two-gun said the money got to Albany C.I. And thanks!"

Capone, for an instant, couldn't recall the transaction -- the extortionists. Yes, he frowns, that settles them -- for a while! \$2500.00 to them. . . "What the Hell's it gonna be in Alcatraz? Jesus, walking the 'stem' (boggling on the streets) when I get outta there will be what I'll

be doing!"

Something else to worry about, he reflects. Never gave that a thought...Kidnapping there -- Kelly, Bates, Bailey. Bad ones, too. And they've got nothing to lose -- Nothing! Hasn't for them there'd be no talk of Alcatraz. Gotta get out of it. . . Can't go, damn it! Aint going to! No, sir! This joint's good enough for me. Cut out some of the connections; maybe they'll go easy with me then. That's the Hell of it. . . wanting everything my own way. And look what I got! From the fryin' pan to the fire! Where's your old cunning, Al --- Where? Get your brain working, Big Boy, and find a way out of going to Alcatraz... when the time comes, if it does!

You must. . . Must! It aint gonna be safe out there. Can't be --- with those bobbies. Cruel. . . Heartless... Like I was. Why'n Hell didn't I listen to Mom? Better if I had stayed poor and been happy. This Hell I'm livin's enough to kill anyone. Worry. . . Worry all the time. And then worryin' their heads off at home!

He paces back and forth, his head bowed, his eyes cast upon the concrete floor. He sees nothing but what his brain conjectures. . . helter-skelter thoughts and vivid scenes that he prays are never realized. Dreads that he hopes will never be lived!

Pay? He pays dearly. Pays every minute of the night and day for every crime he has committed! Pays in desperate fear. . . in disillusioned hope. . . in fruitless efforts for release! And each night and day ahead of him is bringing him endless hours of torment and anguish, from which there is no avenue of relief!

Wiggins, formerly Capone's most reliable man, upon release from Solitary is assigned the menial duty of "slinging hash" in the Dining Hall. This duty -- carrying a bucket of food and forming part of the detail that monotonously walks back and forth feeding the seated inmates -- is known as the degrading punishment. It is not only humiliating and embarrassing because he doing it is compelled to be subservient to other convicts, but it is the only resort the officials have for the ignorant and unintelligent. Naturally, an inmate feels, anything is preferable to "slinging hash".

Wiggins harbors an injured vanity. To think, he protests, that his last few weeks must be served at so menial a task! He had been looked upon by other inmates as one of Al's cronies. To now drag his weary legs from one end of the section of rows to the other end, "taking lip" from grumbling, dissatisfied and finicky inmates, goes against his grain. Further, he has discovered to his resentment and disappointment that Capone has not made the last payment -- the one due while he was in the hole.

A message to Capone is ignored. Wiggins knows the uselessness and futility of appealing further. He knows a lot about Capone, he boasts, and if he wants to talk. . .

Wiggins knows too that in a few days he will be "on the bricks" (free), and it is an annoying thing to live in constant fear of someone stepping up behind you and silencing you forever! He knows that other men have gone from the prison, and have been found along some deserted road . . . in a ditch. . . the dead occupant of a deserted house!

No, he resolves, he can't take the chance. He shall not go back to Miami, his bona fide residence to where passage has been arranged. Anything but that! Any place else -- providing Capone cannot learn where it is!

But Capone learns the most secret movements of his former aides. He learns everything, Wiggins reasons. Yet, he'll try. Maybe. . . maybe the Director of Prisons will understand. . .

Wiggins writes a letter to his sister in Omaha, Nebraska. He explains the situation thoroughly. The letter is "kited". (Mailed by a guard or civilian). The person kiting it cannot refuse Wiggins because Wiggins has availed himself of the service before.

Wiggins' sister expected the denouement. She had heard. . . had heard plenty about her brother John and his friendship with Capone. Had heard what a dangerous thing it was. . . Had known that though Capone had a \$200.00 monthly allowance sent her, it wasn't worth the worry entailed.

What to do? To do what John suggests -- write the warden to grant John transportation to Omaha instead of Miami. She writes. The warden interviews Wiggins. The conversation is absolutely and strictly private. No one can learn any of the details, except that the warden writes to the Director of Prisons, requesting Wiggins be furnished transportation to Omaha instead of Miami. A photostatic copy of Wiggins' letter and of his sister's letter to support the warden's request for approval, is forwarded to the Director of Prisons.

And Wiggins, a few days later - known to only a few of the clerical force - takes transportation to Omaha, Nebraska. He has, he congratulates himself, "put one over on Capone".

But has he? We wonder. . . knowing that Capone has spies in every department in the institution.

Capone, however, learns from Guard Curtis of Wiggins' action. His shrewd, receptive brain responds to the occasion. He immediately posts a letter to his brother. Its contents, of course, we can only surmise.

Close on the heels of this incident (on October 18, 1933) Mr. Sanford Bates, Director of Prisons, unexpectedly visits the institution again. His primary desire is to bring an end to Capone's apparent warden-ship. It seems unfortunate, he remarks, that so efficient a personnel cannot terminate these disgraceful affronts by Capone. It must be -- yes, it WILL BE stopped. And, by the grace of God, if no one else can stop it HE (the Director) will!

Before any of the inmates learn that he is actually in the institution, he proceeds to Capone's cell---3-7! Captain Head accompanies him. Mr. Bates had expected a surprise. . . but none so shocking as the

"Luxury! Comfort! A homelike atmosphere!" are a few of the exclamations that drop from his lips as he steps into and examines Cell 3-7. "A picture gallery --- nothing less! A rich man's den! Club chair! Silk covered cushions! Floor lamp! Silk underwear, silk pajamas, purple lounge robe of expensive silk! Specially made beauty-rest mattress for his lady body to recline on!" The words tumble from his lips as he touches the articles angrily, dropping some to the floor and kicking them aside.

"I want every contraband article cleaned out of this cell! Every one!" he storms.

"Yes, sir," assents Captain Head.

"It must be done immediately. The Georgian article is on the 22nd. Too late then. Too late now! I don't know why ---" His words are lost to our ears as he stamps out and to the warden's office.

"And they are going to foist upon the public a story of Capone being a model prisoner! Well, if this is what a model prisoner is entitled to ---" he raves as he hurries toward the warden's office.

Captain Head is close on his heels as they enter.

Ten minutes later 3-7 has been stripped of its cozy, comfortable atmosphere. It becomes, for the first time since Capone's incarceration, a model prison cell. A cell with no more nor less than the hundreds of others in the prison.

And twenty minutes later, Capone entering it, subjects himself to one of the most violent fits of hysteria he has had in months. The vituperations, invectives and damnation he heaps upon the Director and the authorities in the institution, besides being too filthy to print are too senseless to recall. Nevertheless, though every effort is made by his fawners to pacify him he continues to rage throughout the entire day, his tennis for the nonce being an inconsequential thing.

And ironical as it may seem it is still more amusing -- The very day the Director arrives, with a view to terminating the connections and privileges Capone enjoys, five telegraphic money orders are received from Evansville, Indiana, for five of Capone's employees . . . each in the sum of \$50.00!

Lane, through the designing Short Shavings, is successful and given his due credit for \$50.00. Thorpe, the physio therapy inmate, having had no correspondence concerning money, is denied his.

Mr. Frick, the Chief Clerk KNOWS the money was sent by John Capone's syndicate, which each month takes care of the payments. Three negroes, when questioned concerning the origin of the money, the sender, and for what purpose it was sent, are unable to present an honest story. They have earned it from Capone. . . they claim it is theirs. . . and the Chief Clerk has no claim upon it! Mr. Frick, to the amazement of the negroes, informs them that they cannot have it. . . that it will be returned!

And returned it is! What disposition is made of it in Evansville is not our concern.

And once more Capone pleads for an interview with the Director. Oh, if only he could talk to him. . . get only a word with him! WHAT HE COULD ACCOMPLISH, he assures himself and others.

But no! And NO again, says the Director. He's heard enough!

Then, to Capone's amazement and humiliation, he is stripped of his nicely laundered blue shirt, bleached pants and silk underwear. He is paraded ignominiously to the Clothing Room, and his unique apparel cast aside. A new outfit -- similar to the first he wore when admitted to the institution -- is furnished him. His complaint about it scratching his skin, the seams being so rough they cut, and above all it is ill-fitting, avails him nothing. Captain Head is there to insure he does not bribe either civilians or inmates employed in the Clothing Room.

His chagrin and mortification is so pronounced, and so determined is he that he will have his way that he mutters, when leaving the Clothing Room: "Watch me!"

It's not a threat, but a warning. . . a warning that he will not tolerate such treatment! That he will not wear such clothes which reduce him to the level of the ordinary inmate!

Then the startling news that the Director is closeted with Dr. Beale, his inmate secretary, and other hospital employes, races through the institution. Questions and cross-questions are hurled at them, separately and privately! As a result of this investigation changes are made the

following day in the hospital personnel. And Dr. Falls, a dentist, enters the picture.

It seems that Dr. Falls, through a Dr. Brown from town -- who makes weekly visits to the G. U. clinic -- is recipient of a case of bonded whiskey. Just why Dr. Brown's residence should be the destination selected for delivery of the whiskey for Dr. Falls is more than we can discover. We knew, of course, that Dr. Falls and Capone had been intimate. But just what the whiskey represented we cannot say.

On the 20th -- after the Director had departed -- Capone's confiscated wardrobe was smuggled to him. On Cregar's second trip to the Clothing Room -- where he collected the soiled linen of discharged inmates -- he obtains Al's Florsheims. His confidence increasing, Cregar becomes bolder. And, upon presenting an absolutely new set of silk underwear -- not the discarded ones, but a set that had not yet been worn -- to the inmate clerk who stamps the prisoner's number on them, requesting "40-383!" his voice was not as low as it should have been.

The result: Another inmate heard, the guard was apprised of the incident, and Cregar, on the third and last trip -- as he leaves the Clothing Room -- is arrested!

For two days Capone was compelled to wear cotton underwear. Had he been chained to the ceiling by his feet he could not have made more noise!

Cregar, of course, is confined in the hole, and his conduct record duly noted. Upon discharge from the hole he is assigned to the Dining Hall. Disgraceful indeed! Slinging hash! Well, it won't be long. Al'll do something to get me outa here!

Capone, of course, in less than a week has re-established himself in his cell. He is again enjoying the ease and comfort that he knew before the Director's onslaught.

In the meantime, official orders are received that a new set of lunch boxes be made. Boxes that cannot conceal contraband dinners. Boxes that will hold only sufficient for the guard ordering. They are duly manufactured in the Carpenter Shop. Hackethal, it seems, has an intimate friend working there. Since a guard stands nearby, overseeing the work, specifications are complied with! Yet, two specially made compartments are so neatly worked into two boxes that not even the observant

guard detected them.

These, of course, for Capone's meals!

For, Capone MUST be fed. . . the best!

With a suspense that at times threatened to "drive us nuts", we have been looking forward to the article by the "Georgian". Week after week we had been on edge. According to advance notices we were to read the intimate details of Capone's model prisonership! Knowing Capone's authority and influence in the penitentiary, we could hardly believe anyone would dare prepare an article contending he was a model prisoner!

To no one's surprise, of course, practically everyone of the inmates had risen at 6:00 A.M. the morning of October 22nd. . . the date (Sunday, too) on which the first instalment was to appear. Not many were subscribers to newspapers, so it was a case of first come first served. Each wanted to be the first to read it. . . to satisfy his curiosity. We must be prepared for the arguments that would result after the article had been digested, and not being subscribers ourselves we rise a little earlier than the others so that we might finish the article and return the paper to its rightful owner before he awakens.

Words cannot describe the sensation we knew! Words -- chapters of them! -- would be utterly futile and inadequate. Our nervous fingers have torn several pages in our anxiety to get to the page which carries the article, and, of course, in the condition we are now in (knowing we have to read in a hurry) we are ready to swoon when these headlines confront us:

CAPONE SURROUNDS SELF WITH CONVICT 'BODYGUARD' IN
PRISON HERE

- - -

STITCHES SIDES 8 HOURS DAILY

Then, beneath these glaring streamers, pictures showing Capone on his Miami courts, his home there, his brother John, Al and his son at the races, a prison cell house -- all captioned:

FROM MANSION TO CELL -- "SCARFACE BECOMES MODEL PRISONER"

This indeed was too much for us. Too, too much!

"Stitches shoes 8 hours daily!" Why, Capone has not stitched eight hours in all the time he has been at Atlanta! Men working in the Shoe Shop contend that he has the first time to even handle a shoe other than his own!

"'Scarface' becomes model prisoner!"

That's the line that floored us. What does it make of the others, if he's a model prisoner? What kind of prisoner is he who obeys the rules and regulations? . . . who forms no connections? . . . who conducts himself as instructed? . . . who has no money to bribe officials?

What does it make of him, if Capone, with his conniving and connections, mandates, executions, and disrespect for the entire Bureau of Prisons and its subordinate officers, is a model prisoner?

So model a prisoner that his contamination with others has produced more criminals than the country would have had without him! A criminal who really MADE others criminally inclined --- who moulded of decent citizens grasping, avaricious, murderous beings! Citizens who would have gone back into the society they had been dragged from, as clean and honorable as they were before disgrace, and lived respectable and law-abiding lives -- had he not dripped gold into their hands and poured contempt for the law into their ears!

So model a prisoner that he was permitted evasion of any and every punishment, though he violated all but two rules -- Assaulting a Guard and Attempting to Escape!!

And he threatened to violate the former in his run-in with Nelson!

So model a prisoner that the officials could not, with their universally recognized ability to operate a model prison, properly and with the authority they are vested with for incorrigible prisoners, handle HIM!

When Deputy Warden Schoen returned from Washington on October 24th (having left Atlanta on October 20th), his first official act was to release Cregar from the hole.

Why? Cregar hadn't been in the hole long enough to count the bars!

His next act was the temporary suspension of two guards -- Chattonier and another. Then followed the ignoring of the lunch box

incident, when three days in succession the box for Mathewson (civilian in charge of the laundry) was searched and foot in it for Capone discovered and permitted to go unreported!

These things an intelligent prisoner can not ignore. These things a mutinous prisoner would not. They are strength for his rebellious attitude and discontent. Why, he asks, should Capone escape punishment for infractions so grave and severe when if he (any other prisoner) is punished because of a pain in the leg, he is reprimanded; and if he complains, punished?

Why?

None? Unquestionably.

Power? Certainly!!

Yet, all prisoners are to be treated alike. There is to be no favoritism. . . no pampering. . . no leniency and no reward. . . Fortunately, we all are not Capones. Were we. . . well, we could have, like a comfortable prison the Atlanta institution would indeed be!

Terming Capone's conduct a "standard of propriety for his fellows in that bizarre twilight world", the author of the article certainly, we conclude, knew absolutely nothing but what John Capone and certain officials suggested to him! Never a prisoner has left the institution who will conscientiously admit so misleading and preposterous a statement to be correct!

The truth, as set forth in this article in chronological order, substantiated by official records and occurrences involving dismissal of several of the personnel, and transfer of others, corroborates the writer's contention that Capone timed the article to avoid Alcatraz!

It stands to reason, and can be deduced from what has been herein written, that Capone was the symbol of defiance and disrespect. His name was synonymous with bribery and corruption. How could he, under such a circumstance, be a model prisoner?

Warden Aderhold and his assistant warders, the "Georgian" article relates, "must shun the faintest suspicion of favoritism for No. 40686." Does he (the author of the article painting Capone a 'model prisoner') attempt to convey the fact that by shunning the faintest suspicion of favoritism they must necessarily conceal from Washington and the Bureau of Prisons every flagrant violation of the rules committed by Capone?

If so, his statements ring true!

Capone, it cannot be denied, has carte blanche within the prison walls!

He has, as do have others, the privilege of sending two letters each week. But, in addition, he has "connections" which permit him to mail as many as twenty letters each week! Or, as many as his prison secretary can write for him!

He has been interviewed innumerable times. His biography has been sought by several leading magazines. One national weekly offered him \$25,000.00 for the story of his life. Another offered \$50,000.00!

Capone will accept nothing less than \$200,000.00!

And then, he contends, the story must be as HE wants it written. . . Not the editor's idea, nor as the public would expect it!

In other words, it would be SAINT ALPHONSE VEDUS' CAPONE! He wants the public to believe he is being crucified! It would not, of course, include his shady operations in the Atlanta institution. The reflection on Mr. Aderhold would be too obvious. For after all, any article written within the prison would have to be censored! Yet, he or any other inmate can write for publication providing the article does not criticise the prison, its inmates, officials or anything pertaining to the institution.

It was a matter of record that Bishop was posting letters constantly for Capone before the article under discussion was written. To infer that authentic sources of information indicate Capone does not, nor did not enjoy this privilege, forces one to the ultimate conclusion that Capone -- as preposterous as it may seem to the reader -- actually suggested that the article bear witness for him against the very infractions he committed!

One is lost in a maze of uncertainty when he tries to analyze why Capone, who 'picks his friends', made a confidant of Doc, the most deceitful, avaricious and disliked inmate in the institution -- regardless of the fact that Doc could form favorable connections for him!

The writer is familiar with the details of Capone's prison pay roll -- more familiar than the author of the "Georgian" article. . . . The writer knows that Capone has never sent (nor had sent) money to anyone

... the reference to the two men

who 'had other charges hanging over their heads' can be applied to, first: Inmate Mills, formerly assigned to the tennis courts. Capone paid him for his services by having bond posted for him so that he might not come to trial until after the Prohibition Act had been repealed. Mills, when the case came to trial at Atlanta, was dismissed. The second man for whom Capone supplied money, was a negro in an analogous circumstance.

Such are our arguments the week of October 22nd, after a frightful night of booing and catcalls by the inmates for Capone, as the result of the "build-up" to keep him from Alcatraz.

A "build-up" which, ironically, becomes the key that opens Devils Island for Al Capone! For the public, after all, is not so gullible!

It is customary at the Atlanta institution to shift guards quarterly. A guard assigned to 'A' cell house from July 1st to October 31st, on the 7:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. shift, may find himself assigned to 'B' cell house, or one of the dormitories, for the next three months, on the Midnight to 7:00 A. M. shift, or 5:00 P. M. to Midnight shift in a tower.

Chattonier, assigned to the Rear Corridor since his entrance, has had occasional encounters with Capone because of Capone's employees attempting to carry contraband in or out. Chattonier's meals are delivered to him to be eaten at his post -- a desk at the entrance to the Dining Hall, on both sides of which are the exit doors to the yard. He spends his time standing at the desk, leaning upon it, or pacing back and forth between the exits -- approximately ten feet.

October is nearing its close. Hackett has learned through Chattonier that he (Chattonier) is to be assigned to 'A' cell house. Chattonier, whose ghoul-like eyes, prominent cheekbones and corpse-like skin earns him the nickname "Ghost", welcomes the change, contending it's a tough assignment -- the Rear Corridor. But then, consoles Hackett, the towers are worse!

And they are, for on tower duty a guard has no one to talk to during the hours of duty.

"Well, when you get in 'A' you'll like it. It's a good cell house. You don't have as much trouble as Old Daley in 'B'. The guys throw anything at him, just to get him sore. He used to be a preacher, and the things they call that poor guy is sinful!"

Chattonier has heard of Daley's troubles with the inmates in 'B'. 'B' cell house cells the most violent prisoners -- all of whom are employed in the Duck Hill industries. It is, Chattonier agrees, a disagreeable assignment.

"How're you an Al comin' on?" asks Hackett.

"So-so," answers the interested Chattonier.

"Why don't you be nice to him? It'll pay you in the end.

Well, you're going to be there together and you can't lose," Hackett

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"He's bad business, I hear," Chattonier argues.

"Thinking about Bishop?"

"And a couple others," Chattonier smiles.

"You're foolish. If Lieutenant Oliver can take a chance, I don't see what you got to lose." Hackethal feels that he is gaining ground, and if he presents a strong, supporting argument in Capone's favor, he can win Chattonier over to the pay roll.

"Yeah, but Oliver's word would go against Capone's. Mine wouldn't. . . after Bishop's experience."

"Just think it over. If you get it in your head you want to make something, and be safe, you know Al's chief bodyguard. Give him the signal if I don't see you in the meantime. You'll be on midnight to 7:00 A. M., wont ya?"

"Yeah. Could see him in the mornings, that's all."

"Best time!" says Hackethal. "Aint a bunch around then."

"O. K." answers Chattonier as Hackethal walks away.

Hackethal, pleased with his success, personally informs Capone that he has Chattonier lined up for him. Capone, known to be one who cannot keep a secret, informs Doc. Doc, the braggart, boasts to others that he has made the connection.

Eventually, as rumors will, the information reaches the office of Captain Head. The officials hold a pow-wow. The conference, attended by Deputy Warden Schoen, Assistant Deputy Warden Pet Fry, and Captain Head, ends after thirty minutes of serious argument. Chattonier's proposed assignment to 'A' cell house is not vetoed. Yes, he can go to 'A' cell house, the officials agree. If it isn't Chattonier it will be some other guard. . . So why must the guard suffer?

Then, to everyone's astonishment and Capone's insufferable degradation and humiliation. . . to the chagrin of his bodyguards and delight of his enemies. . . Capone is transferred to 'C' cell house. . .
TO CELL ALONE!

'C' cell house is famous for its "movie stars". . . for its Hollywoodian atmosphere. . . its paper and living "dolls". It is the cell house which houses the abnormal and degenerate prisoners --- the "misses and madams".

And Capone, too stunned to understand, is breathless. . .
helpless!

It was in this cell-house, eighteen months ago, that he lived the most dreadful night of his life! The first time that he knew anguish. . . Hysteria. . . Fright! At that time it was not set apart for the degenerates.

Naturally, such an occasion demanded an appropriate reception, by 'C' cell house inmates. And in such startling contrast to his first reception, Capone was the guest of honor in the "daisy chain".

Needless to say he found this greeting much warmer than his former one. This alone was balm for his insulted dignity. And, before many days had passed he contended he wouldn't give it up for all the cell houses in the institution!

Now, he repeats, he can think for himself. Though he apparently seems to enjoy celling alone he determines to cast off all his leeches and parasites and make the best of it with his new cell house friends. After all, ten years is a mighty long time

And a man in the penitentiary. . . Well, it could be worse, he consoles himself.

Forthwith he stocks his cell with good things to eat, cigarettes, beads, balls of silk cotton for making scarfs, handbag frames and other things that may be desired -- all procurable at the Commissary. If he can get by with indiscretions in the hospital, why not here? After all, again, the guard is human and a few hundred would cause any guard to "forget" to make his rounds occasionally. Surely! In this analyzation of Capone's cunning we have a most intimate glimpse of Al Capone's love life in the Atlanta Penitentiary. . . a love life that astounding in its reciprocity, was nonetheless a magnificent gesture of a man's solitude being broken in response to the muffled cry of a quelled and subdued passion.

"Shavings, you join' to stockade today?" asks Doc as Short Shavin' slips on an athletic detail sweater which only those on the football and basketball teams are permitted to wear.

"Sure thing, Doc!"

"I got a letter I'd like you to type. I - - -"

"What's it for? It's by the wife, after stockade. Got it from the wife. Or maybe, how dare!"

"No, it's a letter to me. I want it in a hurry. I want to get it done by the time I go to work at five o'clock. It won't take you long, will it, Doc?"

"Let me see it. The bell'll ring in about ten minutes. Maybe I can finish it by then."

Doc produces nine pages of scrawly writing. Shavin's examines it carefully. He glances at the salutation: "Dearest, Darling Betty Jane."

"What is this?" Shavings suspiciously asks.

"No, it's a letter my girl wrote me. I want to make a copy of it," Doc unsatisfactorily explains.

"But you have a copy, Doc. This!" Shavings taps the nine pages of writing.

"Yes, I know. But I want a typewritten copy. This is the copy I had from her letter."

Shavings is hard to convince. The truthfulness of Doc's statement does not satisfy, yet, his policy is never to inquire into one's personal needs nor excuses. To perform the work, and accept the payment therefor, fulfills his obligation.

"If you don't mind, Doc, will you tell me why you went to all the trouble of copying this from the original letter, and then giving me this to write from, when you could have let me copy from the original?"

Shavings, unaccustomed to this type of business, is cautious.

"I always destroy her letters after copying them. You see, they are brought in from downtown, and I wouldn't want them found in my possession."